

# Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

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Number 4



## MAY WE *Quote* YOU ON THAT?

As the Paris meeting of Western European nations moved quickly to provide mach'y for the MARSHALL aid plan, it became increasingly clear that the prewar vision of One World is not to be realized in the foreseeable future. But here in U S the plan is not yet assured fulfillment. Sec'y MARSHALL's address to Council of Governors is obvious effort to arouse thru these exec's popular demand for Congressional action. But Congress is leery. If and when substantial sums are voted State Dep't will be curbed. ("Those fellows are trying to set up higher standard of living than Europe has ever known. We can't afford to finance economic revolution on a world scale.") . . . Realists are asserting our whole prewar conception of postwar world is made obsolete by Russian refusal to cooperate. There's now open talk that Russia will quit UN before yr's end. Break may come on v.e.o. U S wants to abandon it, substituting majority rule, in interests of stronger, more workable organization. Russia won't give. Stalemate. Bickering. Bitterness. Finally, an open break.

Sen W LEE O'DANIEL, of Tex: "One of the most wholesome things that could happen in the U S would be for every congressman, after serving 6 yrs, to go back home and try to make a living under the laws he has helped to pass." 1-Q

KENNETH COLLINS, leading merchandising and adv expert, and author of several books on business procedures: "If American industry only sold what the people actually needed, the U S would go broke in 48 hrs." 2-Q

ROB'T G DUNLOP, pres of Sun Oil Co: "Our nat'l economy prospers almost inversely as Gov't interferes with free enterprise." 3-Q

Sen Jos R McCARTHY, of Wis: "We've been at war with Russia for some time now—and we're losing it." 4-Q

ARTHUR GILLET, pres of United Restaurant Liquor Dealers, Manhattan: "If every bartender in the business were trained as he should be, there would be very little criticism of the liquor industry at the tavern level. Good bartenders can do more to promote moderation than all of the WCTU conventions in history." 5-Q

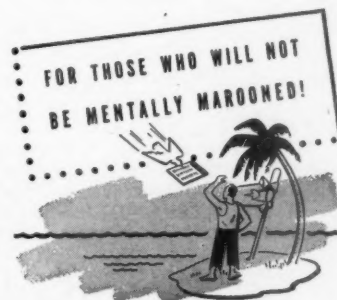
MATTHEW WOLL, v-pres American Federation of Labor: "A wage policy that (attempts) to keep wages up with the soaring price of

food is not sound. Food prices must come down." 6-Q

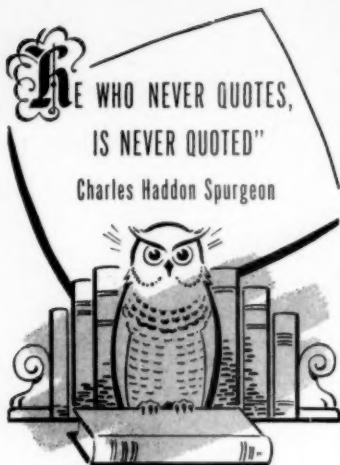
W HAMILTON AULENBACH, rector of Christ Church and St Michael's, Germantown, Philadelphia: "Many 2nd loves are just as beautiful as 1st loves in marriage. It is the Church's objective to keep already married couples married. It should be the Church's objective, ultimately, to remarry divorced people." 7-Q

Sen RALPH E FLANDERS, of Vt: "There is no need at this time to take steps to prevent a depression. In fact, the need is to prevent further inflationary trends." 8-Q

Gen'l GEO C MARSHALL, Sec'y of State, commenting on Russian attacks on his plan for European rehabilitation: "Our purposes are distorted, our motives impugned, our traditions and institutions decried and smeared." 9-Q



In Two Sections  
Section ONE



#### ADVERTISING—1

Samson had the right idea about advertising: He took 2 columns and brought down the house.—*Liberty*.

#### AMERICANA—2

Before we fall in love with any foreign "isms," let's remember that in spite of temporary troubles, we have the sweetest set-up on earth right here... Right now we have nearly 57 million people employed. Normally, with only 7% of the world's population, we have 80% of the automobiles, 50% of all telephones, 60% of all life insurance policies. Before the war we used 75% of the world's silk. We had 1 radio for every 3 people, against 1 for every 90 in Russia. And we still have more freedom and less harness on us than any other people on earth.—DON HEROLD, *Gilcrafter*, hm, Gilbert Paper Co, Menasha, Wis.

#### BUSINESS—3

When two men in a business always agree, one of them is unnecessary.—WM WRIGLEY, Jr.

#### CHURCH—4

The church is fairly well supplied with conductors. It shows a shortage of engineers, but an oversupply of brakemen.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

#### CO-OPERATION—5

The big potatoes are on top of the heap only by the aid of the

little fellows keeping them there.—*Canadian Business*.

#### DRINK—Drinking—6

Drinking is now regarded as a disease. The only cure is to hold both arms straight so they won't bend at the elbow.—*Richmond News-Leader*

#### EDUCATION—7

There is no such thing as a thoroly educated person. One only appears well educated when comparison is made with the untutored. Education and knowledge by its very nature is unfinished. For what is true and accepted today may be untrue tomorrow in the light of newly acquired information. Thus, education is constantly in motion, and we must refresh our knowledge from day to day so as to keep pace with it.—LEON GILBERT SIMON, *Life Ass'n News*.

#### FRIENDSHIP—8

It is one of the charitable dispensations of Providence that perfection is not essential to friendship.—ALEXANDER SMITH, quoted in *Ladies' Home Jnl*.

#### GAMBLING—9

Weather troubles continually besetting farmers lead us to think that some of the reported "big city" gamblers are pikers compared to the chances the farmers take each yr to grow a small seed into foodstuffs for our tables.—*Arvada (Colo) Enterprise*.

#### GIFTS—Giving—10

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.—HENRY TAYLOR, *Papyrus*.

" "

There is an Oriental saying that the upper hand is to be preferred to the lower hand, because the upper hand is the giving hand while the lower hand is the receiving hand.—*Free Methodist*.

#### HEALTH—Mental—11

Let's refuse to be stampeded by "mental illness." Better yet, let's refuse to use that vague term, and give our cooperation to important community measures designed to put a foundation under mental health. Let's recognize that living is never a silver-platter job, that

troubles are bound to arise. Let's admit that our only enduring defense is to develop means of meeting them realistically, without the buck-passing which is what a neurosis essentially boils down to.—DONALD G COOLEY, "Don't Let Them Tell You We're All Going Crazy!" *Better Homes & Gardens*, 7-'47.

#### They DO Say . . .

Swords into Ploughshares item, via *New Yorker*, notes that almost exactly 3 yrs after D Day, *Life* ran a chart showing "how the shape of tail, the size of body and the pattern of the wings" identify large birds as they fly directly overhead... An attendant is assigned to collect and destroy all doodles made by UN committee mbrs... HY GARDNER, in *Parade*, tells of a Newark conference on birth control at which the principal speaker was interrupted by a Western Union messenger advising him that his wife, in Calif, had just given birth to twins... Also on the subject of offspring: recently released statistics show that it costs an average of \$5,680 to raise boy to age 18, \$5,755 for girl... U S Rubber Export Co revealed not long ago the shipment of more than 500,000 rubber canning-jar rings, both black and red, to Africa. Seems the rings are much prized by the natives for bracelets and ankle rings... *Hartford Courant* reports that Bombay, India, is trying "progressive prohibition": Drink shops will be closed for progressively longer periods every yr for the next 4, in order to give drinkers a chance to change their habits.

#### HUMAN NATURE—12

Human nature as it characterizes any group at any given time is what it is because of the conditions under which the individuals in that group have matured. And the only way to bring about the human nature we want is to plan scientifically the kind of social and economic environment offering the best conditions for the development of human nature in the direction we would specify—a direction that

spells freedom from group conflict and freedom for personal development. — HADLEY CANTRIL, "Don't Blame It on Human Nature," *N Y Times Magazine*, 7-6-'47.

#### IGNORANCE—13

Things even up. Ignorance causes one man's fear, but it causes another's courage.—*R & R Magazine*.

#### INFLATION—14

Inflation is when the creaking of the pillars of the economic system can't be heard above the rustling of the banknotes.—*Salesman's Digest*.

#### LABOR—15

The discovery by labor leaders that higher money incomes can so easily be secured by a display of force under legislative and judicial sanction has shifted the emphasis from efficiency to compulsion as the preferred method of improving the lot of organized labor.—HARLEY L LUTZ, "The High Cost of Living," *Yale Review*, Summer, '47.

#### MARRIAGE—16

One trouble with marriage is that so often the parties marry their ideal, and it turns out to be an ordeal.—*Farm Jnl*.

#### OPPORTUNITY—17

A raw recruit once asked Gen'l Sheridan what he could do. "Jump in anywhere," barked the Gen'l. "There's fighting all along the line." — S KENDRICK GUERNSEY, "After Understanding — Action!" *Rotarian*, 7-'47.

#### ORIGIN—"Macaroni"—18

A wealthy Italian nobleman had a gifted cook who constantly experimented with new dishes. One day he came up with one served with sauces and grated cheese. At the 1st taste, his master cried, "Cari!" which, freely translated, means "the darlings." At the 2nd bite, he exclaimed, "Ma Cari!"

(what darlings!) and at the 3rd, "Ma caroni!" (Ah, but dearest darlings!) A friend who heard him demanded a serving of "Ma caroni" and a new dish was named.—B G WEBB, *Today's Woman*.

#### Pattern in Shade

I am the person who was born to live in a skin with a different color from yours. I could not choose my parents, nor you yours. Thus, the color pigments embedded by the unchangeable hands of nature in your skin are perchance white, while mine are black, or brown, or yellow. But, underneath I am just like you.

My muscles ripple in the same waves of power, and thrill to the same throb of joyous action. My mind has the same functions as yours. I reach out, just as you do, in aspirations of the soul. I love and hate, hope and despair, rejoice and suffer along with you.

When my children lose their fair chances at life, and become aware of the bitter road of prejudice they must tread, then I know what my color has cost.

I offer you my hand in rebuilding an unjust world, that you and I can make better than we found it.

I am the person in a different skin.—*Parts Pups*, hm, Genuine Parts Co, Atlanta, Ga. 19

#### POPULARITY—20

To be popular at home is a great achievement... the man who is loved by the house cat, by the dog, by the neighbor's children, and by his own wife and children, is a great man, even if he never had his name in Who's Who.—*Swanson Newsette*.

#### RESPONSIBILITY—Individual—21

Too many of us seem to think that it is up to the other fellow to fight inflation and bring prices down. The unpalatable truth is

that all of us, regardless of our particular place in the scheme of things, have a direct responsibility. The philosophy of grab is inflation's most potent ally.—*Oskaloosa (Ia) Herald*.

#### SABBATH—Observance—22

A Frenchman was staying with a friend in Edinburgh. On the "Sawbath" he took up his walking stick preparatory to going for a walk. His host remonstrated. He said: "Do you mind taking an umbrella? It looks more respectable."—*Church Mgt*.

#### SAFETY—Safe Driving—23

A thinking driver doesn't drink; a drinking driver doesn't think.—*Hartford Courant*.

#### SERVICE—Fellowship—24

I don't think of my business primarily in terms of my product. I think of it in terms of character building, of message giving, of fellowship.

There are 2 words in the language that you can't add anything to. One is service; the other is fellowship. You cannot have a selfish service; if it becomes selfish the element of service is lost; and these 2 words sum up the foundation of the science of human engineering. — CLARENCE H HOWARD, *Good Business*.

#### SPEECH—Speaking—25

When Jack London was reporting the Russo-Jap war from Korea, an official called and said the people of the town wanted to see him. A platform was built and London rehearsed a speech. When he ascended the platform before a huge crowd, the official asked him to remove his false teeth. London shruggingly obliged, whereupon the audience broke out in cheers. There was no speech. London kept taking out and putting in his bridge to the applause of the multitude.—*Capper's Wkly*.

LUCY HITTLE, Editor

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**AVIATION:** New landing gear device permits cross-wind landings or take-offs in relative safety, making one-strip roadside landing fields and other small bases feasible in private light-plane flying. (*Financial Post*)

**COMMUNICATIONS:** New radio communications system that can send one million words a min means many broadcasters will become "electronic" newspaper publishers, according to NILES TRAMMELL, pres of NBC. New system, known as ultrafax, developed by RCA, will be ready for public showing soon. Pages are sent as pictures in rapid order and are reproduced at receiving end by new high-speed process of photography. (*A P Dispatch*)

**INDUSTRY:** Conveyor belts that actually turn corners are made of parallel cross wires linked together at each end, thus forming an open steel belt or broad chain. They can carry pkgs from place to place in stores or factories. (*Grit*)

**PLASTICS:** Plastiglass now on mkt is made by laminating 2 sheets of transparent plastic over exceptionally tough plastic open mesh base. Mat'l transmits high percentage of ultra-violet and visible light, making it ideal for storm doors and windows, poultry house windows, greenhouses, etc. (*American Lumberman & Bldg Products Merchandiser*)

**PROCESSES:** New odorless dry-cleaning fluid is effective on spots caused by ice cream, chocolate, lipstick, catsup, which heretofore have required specialized treatment. Detergent leaves fabric with new-like feeling; has a softening effect on the hands. (*LAWRENCE N GALTON, Nat'l Home Monthly*)

#### STRATEGY—26

Sir Cedric Hardwicke was directing a play not long ago in which the leads were played by 2 popular stars noted for their chewing of scenery. Sir Cedric took the male star aside and warned confidentially, "Watch out for your leading lady. She's underplaying her role because she wants to make you look hammy!" Then he whispered the same thing to the leading lady about the actor. On opening night, the 2 stars surprised the critics by giving the most restrained performances of their careers.—*IRVING HOFFMAN, Hollywood Reporter.*

#### SUCCESS—27

To be able to carry money without spending it; to be able to bear an injustice without retaliating; to be able to do one's duty when one is not watched; to be able to keep at the job until it is finished; to be able to make use of criticism without letting it whip you. That is success.—*City Builder.*

#### TALENT—Use of—28

It is an old but pertinent illustration that the fish in Mammoth Cave lose their eyes because they do not use them; that unused muscles atrophy; that talents which are not put into action soon fade away.—*WM L STIDGER, Christian Herald.*

#### TIME—29

Time is divided into past, present and future—with the future steadily shifting over to the past like the hands of a clock, and when it passes the ever-present, is the time to think, act and work—making every min of the present count to insure the pleasant vision of a successful past.—*A G Stores Bulletin, Kansas City, Mo.*

#### TRAVEL—30

A fellow complained to Socrates once that he had rec'd no benefit from his travels. Socrates, according to a usually reliable source named Seneca, repl'd: "It serves you right. You traveled with yourself."—*PM.*

#### VIEWPOINT—31

Judy is the 6-yr-old daughter of a sociology prof who lives in Ann Arbor in a neighborhood where he can see sociology at work. Shortly after Judy started school, she be-

gan talking about her best friend, Lottie, who turned out to be a charming little Negro girl.

After Lottie had been at Judy's home several times, she invited Judy to her birthday party.

When Judy ret'd, starry-eyed and breathless, she reported that she had just had the most wonderful time. "And Daddy," she wound up, "do you know—I was the only colored child at the party!"—*ANN TROCCHIO, Magazine Digest.*

#### Home

"Home," she said, "is the laugh of the baby, the song of a mother, the strength of a father, warmth of living hearts, light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, comradeship. Home is the 1st school and the 1st church for the young. Here they learn what is right, what is good and what is kind. Home is where they go for comfort when they are hurt or sick, where joy is shared and sorrow eased, where fathers and mothers are respected and loved and where children are wanted. Where money is not as important as loving kindness. That is home—God bless it."—*Armstrong Tire News.*

32

#### VIRTUE—Reward—33

Virtue has its reward. You can generally find parking space near a church.—*Construction Digest.*

#### WOMEN—Traits—34

There is usually only one reason why a man buys, but with a woman it might be one of eight (so they say): 1) because her husband says she can't have it; 2) it will make her look thin; 3) it comes from Paris; 4) her neighbors can't afford it; 5) nobody has one; 6) everybody has one; 7) it's different; 8) "because." — *Sterling Sparks, hm, Sterling Grinding Wheel Division, Tiffin, Ohio.*

#### WORRY—35

In the days of the Commonwealth, Bulstrode Whitelock, Ambassador to the Hague, was tossing about thru the night in anxiety about the condition of the country. An old servant addressed him: "Sir, did God govern the world

"I'd rather take my own blame"

You may remember LOUISE DICKINSON RICH for her happy and homely narrative, *We Took to The Woods*. Now, in the 2nd book of her life, in the wild woods of Maine, the story continues. Those who liked the 1st stanza will be equally charmed by *Happy The Land* (Lippincott, \$3). Mrs Rich, it should be explained, met her husband while on a canoe trip in Maine a doz yrs ago. Since his recent death, she lives with their 2 children in a cabin on Rapid River, a full day's journey from the nearest settlement. Here we give you a few excerpts from her acc't of Gerrish, the philosophical hired hand.

He was a person you'd never know was in the house. For wks after the day he came to work for us, saying, "My name is Gerrish. Fred Tibbott said maybe you could use a man about the place," I would forget to set a plate for him at table. He was as easy to forget as the air, as bread, as rain that falls in the night. He was a little brown man, looking as most countrymen do, ageless—the same at sixty as he had at thirty, old then, young for his age now. He trod lightly and spoke softly. When I wanted him to split wood or carry water, he was there, as silent as a shadow and as faithful. When the need of him was past, he was gone back to his wall building or boat caulking or gardening. He was the hired help and he knew his proper place.

And I knew mine. I was the boss's wife and I felt then as I still feel, that the paying of money to a man for performing prescribed duties does not carry with it a license to pry into his mind or heart or past. He had enough to attend to anyhow, without sitting around doing what he termed "jawrin'" with me...

I never knew a person who balanced so well the ledger of his living. Most people are meticulous in paying dollar-and-cent debts. To Gerrish, money was only one form of currency and no more important or valid than time or consideration. Once I came across him struggling to mend a pr of choppers—the leather covers woodsmen wear to protect their woolen mittens. "Here, give me that," I

said, "I can do it in the time it takes you to think about it." The next morning when I came down to cook breakfast the kitchen floor was scrubbed white as bone. Gerrish smiled his little lopsided smile. "I know you don't relish scrubbin' a floor," he explained, "and you done me a favor yesterday."

One thing Gerrish could never understand was psychoanalysis. That was a thing that had never entered his ken until he heard some of my guests and me discussing it one evening. Next morning, when he and I were in sole possession of the kitchen, he said to me, "Look, Louise. I know I ain't very bright and I know I ain't had opportunities. But that stuff you was talking about last night—I couldn't make head nor tail out of it. Way they was talkin' sounded like it was the answer to everything."

I tried my best to explain, but I guess I did a poor job, hampered as I was by lack of information and lack of conviction.

"You mean nothin' you do is your own fault?" he asked. "You mean you pay a doctor good money to tell you you act like a damn fool on acc't of your mother was too fond of you? You drink too much because some schoolteacher laughed at you for makin' a mistake 40 yrs ago? I dunno, Louise. All of them people got more brains than me, but it don't seem sensible. It must be an awful comfortable feelin' that whatever you do, someone else is to blame; but me—wal, I guess I'd rather take my own blame."

well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And will He rule the world well when you have gone out of it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then, sir, can you not trust

Him to rule the world well while you are in it?"

The tired ambassador turned on his side and fell asleep.—*Wit & Wisdom of Dean Inge*. (Longmans, Green)



Lady—Are You Rich?

MARION DOOLAN

They huddled inside the storm door—2 children in ragged outgrown coats.

"Any old papers, Lady?"

I was busy. I wanted to say no—until I looked down at their feet. Thin little sandals, sopped with sleet. "Come in and I'll make you a cup of hot cocoa." There was no conversation. Their soggy sandals left marks upon the hearthstone.

Cocoa and toast with jam to fortify against the chill outside. I went back to the kitchen and started again on my household budget...

The silence in the front room struck thru to me. I looked in.

The girl held her empty cup in her hands, looking at it. The boy asked in a flat voice: "Lady... are you rich?"

"Am I rich? Mercy no!" I looked at my shabby slipcovers.

The girl put her cup back in its saucer—carefully. "Your cups match your saucers." Her voice was old with a hunger that was not of the stomach.

They left then, holding their bundles of papers against the wind. They hadn't said thank you. They didn't need to. They had done more than that. Plain blue pottery cups and saucers. But they matched. I tested the potatoes and stirred the gravy. Potatoes and brown gravy... a roof over our heads, my man with a good steady job... these things matched too.

I moved the chairs back from the fire and tidied the living room. The muddy prints of small sandals were still wet upon my hearth. I let them be. I want them there in case I ever again forget how very rich I really am.—*Your Life*.

# GOOD STORIES

## You Can Use

An old gentleman saw a group of small boys in an English park and asked one of them what game they were going to play.

"Crickett," said the youngster. "We're going to play a game of England vs the West Indies."

"Are some of you going to black your faces, then?" asked the old gentleman.

"Oh, no!" said the youngster very seriously. "Some of us are going to wash them."—*Financial Post.* **a**

One day Norman Ross, Chicago radio announcer and ex-long distance Olympic swimmer was swimming way out in the middle of Lake Michigan taking a constitutional. Eventually he started back to shore and when he got fairly close, noticed that a big crowd had gathered and was watching him from the beach... Ross knew what was coming: when he got to the beach he'd be surrounded and bombarded with "Ohs" and "Ahs" and with a lot of silly questions. So Ross swam into the shallow water, stood up, shook himself and asked: "What city is this?" Everybody hollered: "It's Chicago." Ross said: "Oh, hell. I wanted Milwaukee," dived back into the lake and swam away.—*Tide.* **b**

Fu Lung, who had just opened a laundry on one corner, gazed appreciatively at the signs on the business establishments on the other three corners.

On the bakery was a sign, reading: "We never close." Over the garage, the sign read: "We stay open all night"; and over the restaurant: "We never sleep."

The following morning over Fu Lung's laundry appeared the neat hand-printed sign: "Me Wake Too."—HARVEY W AYERS, *Tracks*, hm, C & O Ry. **c**

The Governor of Maine was visiting a schoolroom and was telling the children the names people of different states were given. To explain what he meant he said, "For instance, the people from North Carolina are called 'Tar

### I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

EARL BUNTING

Pres, Nat'l Ass'n of Mjrs

Winchester, Va, where I've lived for several yrs, was such a wonderful little city even back in Civil War days that the Confederates and Yankees fought 77 battles for the privilege of ownership. One day the trophy changed hands 7 times.

One morning, not long ago, a yelp came from the backyard where my handy man, Jim, a dyed-in-the-wool Rebel, was splitting firewood. Jim was juggling a small greenish object.

"It's a Yankee bullet," he sang out. "Used to find 'em all the time."

"How do you know it's a Yankee bullet?" I asked, looking it over.

"Found it in that old dead tree," said Jim. "Only Yankee bullets went in trees."

"But what happened to the Confederate bullets?" I asked.

Old Jim cut me a harsh look, and snapped, "They went in the Yankees." — BART HODGES, *syndicated col.*

Heels"; the people from Ohio are known as 'Buckeyes'. Now who can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"

The children were puzzled for a moment. Then a bright-eyed boy volunteered, "Maniacs!" **d**

Harry F Sinclair, the oil man, and John L Lewis met in Miami Beach recently and renewed their old friendship. Sinclair offered Lewis some advice regarding his behavior. He also referred to the gov't's case against the Mine Workers union and the supreme court decision which was about to be delivered. "John, you're making a big mistake," said Sinclair. "Don't you realize that the way you're behaving you'll wind up in the fed-

eral penitentiary?" "If I do," repl'd Lewis, "all I ask is to be able to enjoy myself as well as you did when you were there." — LEONARD LYONS, *syndicated col.* **e**

I was traveling on a bus in which every seat was occupied, when an elderly man and his seeing-eye dog got aboard. The dog stood for a moment sizing up the situation. Then he walked calmly over to one of the younger passengers, looked him squarely in the eye for a moment, and gave him a slight nudge with his nose. The young man took the hint and rose.

Then the dog herded the blind man into the seat and sat down beside his friend.

The bus, with its load of smiling passengers, moved on.—CLAUDE V FASSETT, *Coronet.* **f**

"I observe that you do a great many favors for that influential citizen."

"Those aren't favors," ans'd Senator Sorghum; "those are investments." — *Washington Evening Star.* **g**

Sam'l Hopkins Adams, always willing to try anything once, accepted an invitation to a nudist party a few yrs ago. Describing the experience to his friends the next day, he said, "They certainly didn't do things by halves. Even the butler who opened the door for me was completely nude."

"How did you know it was the butler?" asked Mr Adams' literal-minded publisher.

"Well," said Mr Adams, "it certainly wasn't the maid." — BENNETT CERF, *Sat Review of Literature.* **h**

An artist, employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill for \$27.73 for his services. The church directors requested an itemized bill and the

following was duly presented.

For correcting the Ten Commandments, \$5.12; for touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls, \$3.06; for brightening up the flames of Hell, putting a new tail on the Devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned, \$7.17; for putting a new stone in David's sling and enlarging the head of Goliath, \$6.13; for embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet, \$3.02; for mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear, \$3.23.—*Texas Outlook*. i

" "

Charlie Chaplin, who does many things in both his private and business life to disturb the normal odds, began the procedure early in life. Once, when he was at the peak of his popularity, a "Charlie Chaplin Contest" was held in a theater in the East. The person who made up to look most like Charlie was to receive a silver cup. There were other awards for runners-up. The quixotic Charlie decided to enter the contest himself. He came in 2nd!—*Leo Guild, You Bet Your Life*. j

" "

Working on a ry construction project in Central America, an ambitious young engineer was trying to stir up local interest in the road, as a time-saver for the natives. "How long," he asked of a local resident, "does it take you to haul your wares to mkt on mules?"

"Three days."

"There, you see! With our ry in operation, you could take your wares to mkt and get back home the same day. Think of the time you would save!"

"But," queried the native politely, "what would we do with the other two days?" k

" "

A leading poll tax Senator has been talking up the "Back to Africa" movement for yrs. He recently stepped into a cab piloted by a Negro chauffeur and immediately began extolling the virtues of Africa to his cabbie. "Imagine if you went back to Africa," said the Senator. "Why you could

be a prince, you could be right at the top of royalty. You could marry the king's daughter and maybe even be king yourself some day!" Somehow the chauffeur could not be convinced.

The Senator was insistent and became more and more excited in his preachment. Finally it seemed he had won his point. "Maybe you're right," the Negro said hesitatingly. "Maybe I would go back to Africa. And I'd marry the king's daughter and be in the royal family. And after I got to be the king's son-in-law, I'd have him appoint me his ambassador to Washington and I could stay in the good old U S."—*WALTER ATKINS, Negro Digest*. l

" "

"Waiter," said the indignant customer, "what does this mean? Yesterday I was served for the same price with a portion of chicken twice the size of this."

"Yes, sir," ans'd the waiter. "Where did you sit, sir?"

"Over by the window."

"That accounts for it. We always give people who sit by the window large portions. It's an advertisement." — *Sunshine Magazine*. m

" "

Photographer: "Now smile and watch for the little birdie."

Modern youngster: "Oh, drop that 'little birdie' stuff! Get out your light meter and make some tests, adjust your lighting properly, and set your lens correctly so you won't ruin a sensitized plate." — *Topics*. n

" "

Joe was dead, and John called on the widow to express his sympathy. "Joe and I were mighty close friends," John said. "Isn't there something I could have to remember him by?" Tearfully she raised her eyes and whispered softly, "Would I do?" — *Swanson Newsette*. o

" "

Two glamor girls boarded a crowded streetcar, and one of them whispered to the other: "Watch

# WISECRACKS

OF THE WEEK



ARTIST'S MODEL: Girl who is unsuited for her work. — *Santa Fe Magazine*.

" "

The little lad who went to the store and forgot what his mother sent him after grew up and became a congressman.—*Construction Digest*.

" "

A lot of college boys' letters to dad sound like an heir raid. — *Atchison (Kans) Rotarian*.

" "

Movies, like shoes, wouldn't be the same without a vamp or a heel.—*HOWARD W NEWTON, Red-book*.

" "

One of Reno's busiest divorce judges has heard so many cases lately that he's getting triangles under his eyes. — *JOE E LEWIS, comedian*.

" "

A great many prominent family trees were started by grafting.—*Ft Wayne News & Sentinel*.

me embarrass a seat from a male passenger."

Pushing her way through the straphangers she turned all of her charms upon a gentleman who looked substantial and embarrassing. "My dear Mr Brown," she gushed loudly, "fancy meeting you on the streetcar. Am I glad to see you. Why you're almost a stranger. My but I'm tired."

The sedate gentleman looked up at the girl, whom he had never before seen, and as he rose, said pleasantly, "Sit down, Bertha, my girl. It isn't often that I see you out on washday. No wonder you're tired. By the way, don't deliver the washing till Wednesday. My wife is going to the District Attorney's office to see whether she can get your husband out of jail!" —*Phoenix Flame*. p

# M MIVING THE MAGAZINES



## Music: Crime Cure

OLGA SAMAROFF

(E E Forbes & Sons Piano Co, Birmingham, Ala, is crusading currently to secure musical instruction in Ala's public schools. From an adv to influence public thought toward that end we take these arresting statistics.)

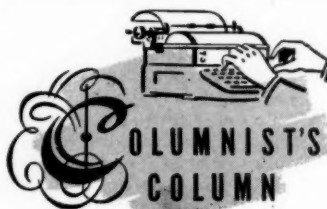
Every thinking human being today is aware of the alarming increase in crime—especially juvenile delinquency—thruout the world. A widespread discussion of potential remedies is going on in print, educational conferences and public forums. But the experts are overlooking one factor which is an important influence in the prevention of crime: music. Music not only has charms to soothe the savage breast, but it has enchantment that can pacify the savage in the civilized breast. It is vitally important in the prevention of crime because it induces moods and states of mind that are incompatible with crime.

The truth of music's power can be proved by statistics. In 1928, the Music School Settlement in the heart of N Y C's East Side published some amazing findings: In its quarter-of-a-century existence, not one of the 30,000 children enrolled in its music studies had ever come before a Juvenile Court for delinquency. Time has not shaken this record. Today the school can still boast of never having had a delinquent.

I determined to find out what percentage of criminals confined to U S penal institutions had rec'd a musical education. Eighty seven per cent of the prisons answering my form letter had no professional musicians or musically-educated persons among their prisoners.

Out of 11 penal institutions, only

4 had any musically-educated inmates at all. Of these 4 institutions, with a convict population totalling 12,401, Sing Sing had the highest number of musicians—19 out of 2,048 inmates, or less than 1%. The State Penitentiary at Joliet, Ill, had the lowest percentage of musicians or musically-educated persons: not one among its 4,787 charges.



## COLUMNIST'S COLUMN

The Spectator Age — FANNIE HURST, PM, 7-6-'47.

Is the highly concentrated, predigested food-for-thought dished up on the groaning board of the American public high in calories? What goes into this immense by-line pot-pourri which is ultimately to jell into public opinion? What equivalents for pure-food-and-drug laws and pasteurization rulings protect the public mental diet against dilution, misrepresentation, coloration, inferior ingredients. Censorships designed to guard morals seem scarcely sufficient. Half-baked opinions are no more digestible than half-baked bread.

During World War II the columnist, the radio commentator, the by-line practitioner have played spectacular roles in a spectator age. Hand-in-glove with an era which takes much of its information sitting down and far too much misinformation lying down, these

molders of public opinion have been chiseling away at us over periods of terrific decisions, when half-baked thinking is a high hazard.

At the breakfast table, Dad turns to Jo Sure, who hands him *The Washington Scene*. Mom, who prefers that human touch, goes for John Bucktooth and his *Quip & Quirk Observations* on the internat'l situation. On-the-spot analysts, some valid, some myopic from looking down their noses, deliver opinions at the doorsteps of America, along about the time the milk horses begin their clop-clop down its sts...

Opinions, the mighty minority of them important, the mighty majority of them expensive at a dime a doz, are pkg'd and del'd. Book clubs select, predigest and mail our reading of the mo. Current-events-to-music are handed to us in air-conditioned theaters. At the turn of the dial, Tom, Dick, Harry, and occasionally Mary, deliver us the news hot off the grid-dle of the microphone...

Ours not to reason why. Read as you run! Skim your erudition off the headlines; off the top-foam of your "barkingest" commentator; off the jackets of the book-club selections...

The oldsters, long exposed to the atrophyng processes of a spectator age, may conceivably sit it out to the end, unless the seat is made hot for them. The hopeful place to begin to kindle those fires is in the packed and jammed univ's where young America, which has not yet seated itself, can be diverted from the direction of spectator chairs. These youngsters did not sit on their haunches and watch the critic battles of the world being fought on motion picture screens. While spectator America, widening at the hips, looked on, they were out on the hellish fronts, fighting those battles!

These young doers have not yet had time to become accustomed to accepting the dicta of the packagers of public opinion.

If the education mills will only grind well, these youngsters may be the generation that will query what it reads, analyze capsules of opinion before swallowing them, play, instead of watch, the game.

